



MONTEREY NEWS

NOVEMBER 1995



P. MURKETT

This house near the corner of New Marlborough and Main Roads was the home of Edith Wilson and Margery McLaughlin for more than fifty years. If voters accept their bequest, it will become town property.

BEQUEST OF WILSON-McLAUGHLIN PROPERTY

Edith Wilson became a Monterey resident in 1940, and has been greatly missed since her death last summer. Her affection for the people and place that is Monterey remains. She wrote in her will: "Whereas, I have been a fulltime resident of Monterey, Massachusetts for more than fifty years, and my dear friend, Margaret McLaughlin (who died on November 5, 1991), and I have enjoyed being a part of the community and we agreed it would be an asset to the Town and the community if it were to have for

its use the residence property which we occupied for those many years, I hereby make the following devise and I am confident that she would concur in my decision to make this contribution to the Town..."

The "residence property" consists of a farmhouse (known to Edith and Margery as "Loftland") and a cottage (which they called "Bally Gally") on more than twenty-eight acres of meadows and woods near the intersection of New Marlborough and Main Roads just east of the town center. Her bequest requires that the Town maintain the farmhouse in "good condition, to be used for municipal purposes, such as a meeting house, town hall, exhibition hall, etc., as

the selectpeople may determine" and that the land "remain in its natural state, for recreational and park uses, and it is my suggestion that the cottage known as 'Bally Gally' be used for the caretaker of said Town land. It is my wish that there be no harvesting or cutting of trees except for silviculture."

Edith's generosity also leaves to Monterey "such of my objects d'art and antiques and such of the paintings, sculptures, and works of art created by me as the members of the Monterey Art Council may select, on the understanding that they shall be retained and used and displayed as a part of the permanent collections (and not for the purpose of sale to raise funds)." *[cont'd over]*

The will further directs that in the event Town officials should decide not to accept her gift for such purposes, the farmhouse and property be sold and the net proceeds added to her residuary estate.

Readers of the *News* may recall that late last year Edith established the McLaughlin-Wilson Scholarship Fund, a charitable trust dedicated to providing financial aid to high school graduates from Monterey in the pursuit of their higher education.

Many townspeople, some long-time residents and some recently arrived, hold fond memories of the lively presence among us of Edith Wilson and Margery McLaughlin. The generous gift now offered would afford us a place in their name with a new life of its own, rooted in theirs.

The Select Board has announced its intention of holding a special town meeting to vote on acceptance of the bequest. An open house will be scheduled so that anyone who wishes to may visit Loftland before the vote.

— Peter Murkett

THE TOWN

At its October 2 meeting, the Select Board held a public hearing prior to setting the local tax levy for each class of property. Assistant Tax Assessor Harry Gustafson urged that the current factor of one be retained for all five classifications, so that residential, commercial, open space, and personal property classes all pay the same rate based on full evaluation. This recommendation was unanimously approved. The tax rate for Fiscal Year 1996 will be \$8.26 per thousand, up \$0.58 from the 1995 rate of \$7.68.

Dick Tryon also attended to continue his challenge initiated at the Annual Town Meeting in May regarding the legality of a "view tax," and to ask again what constitutes a "view." The discussion was inconclusive.

Jed Lipsky and Rick Mielke also met with the Board that evening, each expressing interest in filling the School Committee position recently made va-

cant by Donna Burkhart's resignation. Subsequently, on October 16, Jim Bracken and Jim Edelman met with members of the Board for the same purpose. The Board praised the interest and qualifications of all four candidates. All the interviews focused on improved communication between the School District Superintendent, School Committee, and community; a disciplined budget; and higher academic performance. Regarding budget problems, unfunded state mandates were lamented once again. At its October 16 meeting, the Board voted unanimously to appoint Jed Lipsky to complete Donna's term.

On October 2 the Select Board unanimously voted to appoint Nancy Kalodner to a two-year term on the Monterey Cultural Council.

At its October 16 meeting, the Board followed the recommendation of Highway Superintendent Don Amstead in accepting the bid of \$7.40 per ton of sand from J. Donovan & Son, Inc., of Stockbridge. On October 23 the bid of \$38.90 per ton of treated salt from Eastern Minerals, Inc., of Lowell, was accepted.

Also on October 23, the Board issued a guest house permit to Eric Pedersen for his year-round guest house at 462 Main Road. The Board also addressed the flooding of Corashire Road near the Monjardo driveway, and decided to place a catch basin on either side of the road and run two culverts under the road for drainage.

The highlight of the meeting on October 23 was approval by the Board of Health (Stefan Grotz, Gige O'Connell, and Peter Brown) of an updated solid waste disposal policy. The Board followed these recommendations of Joseph Mallory of The Master Garbologist, the town's contractor at the transfer station:

1. Replace the existing forty-yard closed-top paper and cardboard container with a new or used combined compactor and receiving unit, and return to the use of large containers for glass bottles and metal cans. This will reduce the number of hauls per month. The town will purchase the compactor for approximately \$8,500, and maintain it (with some of us helping to paint it occasionally, perhaps),

while The Master Garbologist will be responsible for installation.

2. Begin an expanded plastic-recycling program as soon as a special rack arrives.

3. Provide a special recycling containment unit for oil, etc.

Also at this meeting, Roger Trucking received a hearing. The Board of Health has held the company in violation of the town's solid waste and recycling policy. Attorney Peter Brewer, representing Roger Trucking, presented a letter stating that Roger no longer wishes to use the Monterey facility as presently equipped, and plans to dispose of its share of Monterey

waste at the EAC facility (Energy Answers Corp., a private solid waste transfer station) in Canaan, New York. This means that the large volume of cardboard generated by two of Monterey's businesses that currently use Roger for waste disposal, as well as other recyclables collected by Roger, will not be coming in to our transfer station unless other arrangements are made. The Springfield Materials Recycling Facility (MRF), where we take our recyclables, pays the town of Monterey \$20 per ton for these materials. The Board did require that Roger Trucking provide the town with a list of their customers, and issue educational materials to those customers.

(I regret having to take a recess of several months while visiting Texas for family reasons. You will be returned to the experienced and excellent pen of Maggie Leonard. After living here for only one year, I find I shall miss Monterey more than I had ever imagined. I look forward to my return.)

— Jane Black



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TREES PLANTED

Strong winds and heavy rain Friday night provided a fitting dramatic background for the planting of nearly one hundred trees by volunteers from Monterey and Great Barrington on Saturday, October 28. The trees were set along Routes 23 and 57 on both sides of the two towns' common boundary, where the Memorial Day tornado leveled acres of woodland, and stripped the roadside of magnificent old growth that once shaded the principal western entrance to Monterey. During the day on Friday, Michael Marcus, Monterey Tree Warden Roger Tryon, and Don Ward with a crew from his own Ward's Nursery in Great Barrington moved the trees, which had been trucked in from nurseries all over New England, into position for planting in locations previously staked out.

Although temperatures were warm, Friday night the wind blew hard, and more than three inches of rain fell sideways before dawn on Saturday—good for the trees, especially considering recent drought conditions, and a challenge for the volunteers, who were not deterred by the uncomfortable conditions. About fifty Montereyans started work at 7:30 Saturday morning with hand shovels, some heavy equipment from Tryon Construction and Tree Warden Roger Tryon, and dug holes for the large root balls of sugar maples, black locusts, lilacs, flowering crabapple, pear, and magnolia trees, then shoveled in local compost, bag mulch and bag fertilizer as they planted the trees. The many hands making light work were fortified with food and drink from the Monterey General Store and the new Dunkin' Donuts in Great Barrington. The work was done before noon.



MAGGIE LEONARD

Stormy weather set the scene for tree planting.

DEMOCRATIC TOWN COMMITTEE NEWS

Our political season begins with some urgency. Regrettably, Bob Gauthier has informed the town clerk that he is not continuing as chair of our party. Under the circumstances the vice-chair will preside at the next meeting, and all in attendance will decide together on procedure and plans for the period between now and our reorganizational meeting on March 8, 1996. At the March meeting we will elect a new chair, vice-chair, secretary, treasurer, affirmative action advisor, and nominating committee.

The present urgent business before us is the deadline for submission to the town clerk of signed nomination papers for the Democratic Town Committee. We will gather on Friday, November 3, at 7:30 p.m. in the firehouse to meet this state requirement. All present members must sign nomination papers if they wish to continue, as we hope they do. Perhaps they can also help find new people for consideration as associate members to serve (without a vote) between now and March 5. There are more than a dozen vacancies to fill. At the March 5 presi-

dential primary all Town Committee members will be elected as a slate.

Our Town Committee is the single official avenue of communication with our Democratic legislators, and it carries weight. Through it we have an opportunity to voice our concerns about legislation, and it is our responsibility to maintain this connection.

The General Membership—including many newly enrolled Democrats—will also meet on November 3 at 8 p.m. in the firehouse. We will welcome new members and encourage everyone to seriously consider volunteering for various committees and jobs (we badly need a secretary), and use their democratic privilege, if they wish, to run for associate membership on the Democratic Town Committee to serve in the interval between now and the March 5 primary.

Our main responsibility is, of course, to town government, but it is equally important to vigilantly pursue information about national issues and develop ways to respond usefully to what is happening in Washington.

Please attend—we need your input.

— Melvene Dyer-Bennet, Vice-Chair
Democratic Town Committee

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NEW MARLBOROUGH AND MONTEREY SCHOOL NEWS

School has been in session just over thirty days now. The unfamiliar is becoming familiar. Routines exist. Now the business of learning can take place in earnest.

Learning about our world is as much a part of the school experience as the 3Rs. To that end the children have taken part in several enrichment activities. At New Marlborough Central, they recognized Fire Prevention Week with a visit from New Marlborough Fire Department members Mike and Barbara Marchione, Marsha Harvey, Ed Harvey and Shadow (a Dalmatian, of course!). The children toured a fire truck and ambulance and received a certificate for participating in a poster contest sponsored by RIF

(Reading Is Fundamental) and the NMFD. Winners of the poster contest were Rachael Wilkinson (First Grade); Alexandra Kelley, Tess Hardcastle (Second Grade); Kelsey Mullen (Third Grade); Jon Scapin, Heather Funk (Fourth Grade). All the children have learned their emergency phone number and have memorized the fire safety slogan, "Stop, Drop and Roll."

Judy Ladd's first and second grade class visited the Firefighting Museum in Hudson, New York, as part of their observance of Fire Prevention Week. This visit has become a tradition for Judy's class. Judy reports as follows: "We traveled on a beautiful fall day with Mary Jo Nichols's grade 1/2 from Undermountain. This wonderful museum is full of firefighting treasures—silver carriages, leather buckets, uniforms both new and old, badges, hand pumpers, harnesses, ladder trucks, ambulances, the oldest

piece of firefighting equipment. While there, children worked on scavenger hunt packets which asked questions about items on display. Bag lunches were enjoyed in the fall sunshine. Following lunch we walked in autumn leaves for a view of the Catskills and Rip Van Winkle's napping place."

Susan Andersen's K/1 had a cider-making demonstration courtesy of Anna and Dale Duryea. The children reported:

"First you put the apples in the press. Then you grind them. The fingers on the grinder cut the apples into little pieces. A twister on the press 'squashes' the apple pieces. Apple cider comes out into a bucket. The cider goes through a cloth to keep out grass, seeds, bee legs, and fuzzy stuff. Then you pour the cider and drink it. It tastes like apples. If you

drink too much your tummy will get grumbly. It tastes so sweet. The end."

The Monterey K/1 is reading authors Leo Lionni and Eric Carle. They are also learning to recite poetry of contemporary poets as well as those childhood favorites we all can remember. In addition, the children are working on color, geometric shape, graduated size, and numeral recognition—all building blocks to the day when numbers add up and letters make words.

Monterey K/1 would like to recycle your old supermarket flyers, nature magazines, greeting cards, scraps of ribbon and wrapping paper, and buttons. If you can donate any of these items, the school is open Monday through Friday, 8:20 a.m.–2:35 p.m. Thank you!

You may have noticed the K/1 designation I have used in reporting on the Monterey school. This is now a combined kindergarten/first grade. At New

Marlborough, there is a combined first/second grade. Teachers at NMC have carried this concept another step, and have what they call Shared Discovery Time throughout the school. Twice a week for half an hour the four grades redistribute themselves among their four teachers to explore a common theme. They have covered time, patterning, and geometry so far. On many levels this should be rewarding for all.

A reminder: PTA meets November 14 at 7 p.m. in the Monterey School.

— Deborah Mielke

SHAKESPEARE & CO. AT MONUMENT MOUNTAIN

Shakespeare & Company of Lenox and Monument Mountain Regional High School are again participating in the annual Fall Festival of Shakespeare. In the high school there are over fifty students acting or teaching, of which I am one (acting). The play we are doing is the obscure *Life and Death of King John*. Many students auditioned, but only thirty-eight of fifty-plus were cast. The Common Classes, which are rehearsals for all students of all schools, ended as of October 25. They are fun, and you get to meet many new and exciting people.

The play will be performed on November 9 and 10 at Monument Mountain Regional High School, and on November 18 at Berkshire Community College in Pittsfield.

— Eoin Higgins

NOTICE

The quarterly meeting of officials from all town boards and committees is scheduled for 7 p.m. on November 14 in the town offices. The general public is welcome to attend.



MAGGIE LEONARD

LAKE LEVEL RISES, FALLS, RISES

A notice from the Select Board dated October 16 states that "a flood-control drawdown of Lake Garfield will commence on October 15, 1995, and will be completed by October 30, 1995 (unless terminated earlier by the Department of Environmental Protection). The depth of the drawdown will be three (3) feet, at the rate of one (1) foot per week. Refilling will be accomplished on or about February 15, 1996, barring late-spring flood danger.

"The above complies with the Order of Conditions issued by the Monterey Conservation Commission dated October 2, 1995."

A clear expression of reasonable intent—but the situation is not so simple, because the water that flows out of Lake Garfield is a matter of politics and the weather. Hard to imagine two factors which could make a matter more complicated and unpredictable.

These are the politics: dock owners like to see the lake drawn down several feet to facilitate seasonal dock repair and prevent ice damage during the winter;

some swimmers and lakeside residents like to see the lake drawn down three feet two years in a row, and five feet ten inches every third year, in the belief (however valid) that this inhibits the growth of certain aquatic plants that spread by rooting (Eurasian milfoil, particularly); those concerned with local fire protection like to see an adequate supply of water available in places where it is accessible in an emergency; those concerned with road maintenance like to prevent flooding; some environmentalists (a handy, if inadequate, term) wish people would leave whatever water gathers in the lake alone, all the time, period. The Select Board considers these competing interests every fall (drawdown time) and requests permission of the Monterey Conservation Commission to draw the lake down by some certain amount at some certain time; the Conservation Commission considers the request of the Select Board from its own particular, conservation-minded viewpoint, and issues its Order of Conditions, which must also be approved (or, more accurately reflecting real practice, not be disapproved) by the state Department of Environmental Protection, which has ultimate political authority. The DEP considers weed control and dock protection insufficient reasons in themselves to draw water from Great Ponds in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Surely the complexity (unpredictability) of weather needs no explanation.

This year the first word was that no water would be taken from the lake, because the drought had left so little for fire protection as to create an alarming danger, especially given the acres of woodland still tangled with dead, dry,

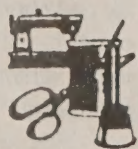
flattened trees after the Memorial Day tornado. Then in September it started raining again, and the rain continued in October. The decision was made to draw the lake down three feet two weeks later than normal—

hence the notice quoted above. Then it rained hard. The open valve at the dam, intended to remove three feet of water over the time period, had at most taken the lake level down fourteen inches, when Monterey Highway Superintendent Don Amstead (the one real human being authorized to open and close the valve) closed the valve again on the morning of October 27. Don did this in response a forecast of heavy rain following heavy rain a week before, to prevent flooding. It's a good thing he did, because several roads flooded anyway, and town crews were out with dumptrucks, payloaders, and graders repairing roads Saturday afternoon. The damage could have been worse, had more water been let through the dam overnight.

As of this writing (October 29), the lake is full.

— Peter Murkett

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THE POLITICIANS

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State Rep. Christopher Hodgkins

For most people, the term ASAP means "as soon as possible." In the Massachusetts legislature we are working hard to give that acronym a new meaning as far as quality, long-term care for the elderly in Massachusetts is concerned.

It has always been my feeling that the elders in Massachusetts are among our most valued citizens. At the same time, many elders can also be considered among our most vulnerable citizens due to health problems and financial constraints forced upon them by fixed incomes. The last thing an elder who depends on the state for long-term care should be forced to do is jump around from one state agency to the next in search of quality care.

To ensure that elders have a stable, centralized place to seek support for their long-term health care needs, I am working diligently to pass House Bill 3737. This legislation would develop a network of Aging Service Access Points, or ASAPs, which would fall under the management purview of the Executive Office of Elderly Affairs and would be administered via the state's home care corporations.

The purpose of an ASAP is to give elders a single point of entry into the Commonwealth's system of long-term health care services and facilities. These

ASAPs will be responsible for assessing, developing, and managing the community care for all Massachusetts elders who are eligible for Medicaid or home care services. This coordination of services includes pre-screening for nursing home facilities, adult care health services, adult foster care, and state home care services.

House Bill 3737 has widespread support among my colleagues in the House of Representatives, members of the Massachusetts Senate and high-ranking officials in the Weld administration. However, at this point in time, the ASAP bill is stuck in the House Committee on Ways and Means. I am leading the effort to have the legislation released from the Ways and Means Committee in the very near future. On October 3, I, along with sixty-eight other representatives, sent a letter to Ways and Means Chairman Thomas Finneran of Boston and demanded he release the bill during the next executive session. At press time, we had not yet received a response.

There is no reason why the Commonwealth of Massachusetts should not take this step to assist our elderly citizens. As a matter of fact, establishing single-entry-point networks across the nation was the number one priority of a mini-conference on aging held last year at the White House by the National Association of Area Agencies on Aging. Additionally, sixteen states have already implemented programs like this and have proved they work. According to a study conducted by the National Academy for State Health Policy, these states have

chosen single-entry systems for two primary reasons: consumer access and reduced duplication.

This historic change will create a one-stop shopping center for elders seeking community long-term care services, will make the long-term care system easier for the consumer to find and use, and will help many of our much-valued elders remain in the comfort of their own homes. I am working to make sure that this plan is implemented ASAP.

U. S. Rep. John W. Olver

Berkshire County is being heard in the Medicare debate. Recently, I delivered to key House Committee chairmen over 200 pages of testimony from two forums on Medicare I chaired this month in Pittsfield and Greenfield.

My forums were held in reaction to an almost total ban on public comment in the GOP proposal that will make Medicare much more expensive for over 27,000 Berkshire seniors.

I heard from area doctors, hospital administrators, families with Medicare-aged parents, senior advocates, and seniors. They all confirmed that the spending reductions being proposed by Republicans in Congress—\$270 billion over seven years—will be devastating to hospitals, seniors, and families in Berkshire County.

Experts told me that our hospitals cannot withstand such a blow. Eugene Dellea of Hillcrest Hospital in Pittsfield called the cuts "too drastic, too immediate." Patrick Muldoon, President of North Adams Regional agreed, adding that the proposed cuts are "too much, too soon for an isolated community hospital," and will result in "fewer health care services for the elderly."

Mary Dailey, a third-generation North Adams senior, said Medicare pays for daily home visits from a nurse. Without help, she said she would be forced into a nursing home, what she calls "the town farm."

Often overlooked in this debate is the fact that Medicare provides financial security not only to seniors, but to their families as well.

I heard from Pamela Bennet of

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Hinsdale, whose seventy-six-year-old mother relies on a visiting nurse paid for by Medicare. Without this care, Pamela would have to place her mother in a cost-prohibitive nursing home, or even quit her job to take care of her mother, placing her own children's financial future at risk.

One thing is certain. Everyone who will be affected by these drastic cuts is justifiably concerned. Many are also angry because they know these cuts are not necessary to save Medicare, but instead are being proposed to offset a big tax cut for the wealthiest Americans. Even the Medicare Trustees, the financial watchdog of the Medicare Trust Fund, say a cut of only about one third of the GOP's proposal is needed to keep the fund solvent into the next century.

I have co-sponsored an alternative Medicare Reform bill which would keep the Medicare Trust Fund safe through 2006 without making drastic cuts and raising premium costs seniors. It also requires a rational plan for preserving Medicare after 2006, when baby boomers become Medicare age.

It is likely, however, that the Republican majority in the House will ignore this more reasonable approach, and vote to make the radical cuts, jeopardizing health care for thirty-seven million American seniors. The good news is that the House by no means has the final word—the Senate and the President must also agree. Democrats are ready to continue the fight to curb these extreme cuts and keep Medicare safe for seniors today and in the future.



MAGGIE LEONARD

SEABEES, GUARD COMPLETE MISSION

Units of the Seabees and National Guard were in Monterey during September and October to clear fire breaks and buffer zones in tornado-ravaged woods around houses. The town rented a skidder for the National Guard troops, who left October 20, after thirty days' active duty.

The town is grateful to U. S. Senator John Kerry for his assistance in bringing the Seabees to Monterey, and to State Representative Christopher Hodgkins, State Senator Jane Swift, and County Commissioner Paul Babeau for their help in having the National Guard assigned here.

— Gige O'Connell

TORNADO DAMAGE TAX ABATEMENTS

Monterey property owners who had tornado damage may request an abatement on their real estate property tax. The request must be filed with the Board of Assessors within thirty days from the date the tax bills are mailed. The Board will be pleased to mail applications to anyone calling 413-528-6481 on Tuesdays, 8 a.m.–2 p.m. Approval of the abatements is contingent on approval by the state legislature of special legislation introduced by State Representative Christopher Hodgkins.

— Harry Gustafson
Assistant to the Board of Assessors

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CPR COURSE OFFERED

A class in CPR (cardio-pulmonary resuscitation) sponsored by the Monterey Fire Company will be offered free to Monterey residents Monday and Tuesday nights, November 6 and 7, 7-10 p.m. in the firehouse. Those who completed the course last November may take a one-night refresher course for recertification on the Monday, November 6. At press time, there is still space available, but the class is limited to twenty-five participants. To register, call Medical Officer Michael Marcus at 528-4115.

ENDING THE MYSTERY

End the Mystery was the theme for Mental Illness Awareness Week, October 1-7, sponsored in south county by the Berkshire chapter of the Alliance for the Mentally Ill and Gould Farm. We asked residents at Gould Farm what the "mystery" is and what it would mean to "end" it.

They answered this question eagerly, thoughtfully, and with a great deal of insight. The mystery involved misconceptions about mental illness, "...that only poor people have it... that everyone who is mentally ill has schizophrenia. The doctors don't know what causes mental illness—maybe it's something that happens during the mother's pregnancy—but they haven't pinpointed it yet."

Further, the mystery is "what's going on inside, knowing what's in control, where your responses to life are coming from. There is yourself, and there are outside forces. That's true for everybody. Then for some of us there is a mental illness that skews the other two things. For a long time the self can be buried beneath the illness."

To end the mystery is to "realize how common mental illness is... It's not like healthy people live in a different world from unhealthy people."

To increase awareness, put fear aside long enough to listen. Mental Illness Awareness Week culminated in the several speeches given at Gould Farm's Fall Country Fair on Saturday, October 7, and then at a candle-light vigil at the bandstand in Great Barrington on Sunday, October 8. Excerpts from three of the speeches follow. Know that your support at these events is helping to end the mystery of mental illness.

Sara

To me, ending the mystery means dismantling the stigma of mental illness to which so many people cling. To treat someone with a mental illness as someone so separate from yourself is to deny your own humanity and your own human frailty. I have come to believe that we who suffer from mental illness are a reflection of the world's pain. We are acutely sensitive to the world and in tune

to the havoc, ill-will and resentment of today. I think that we tend to absorb it in a way that manifests itself in psychiatric symptoms.

I have had my own battle with mental illness. It is something I continue to struggle with, and possibly will for a good part of my life. I, too, have clung to society's stigma. For years I acted as if my problems were something forbidden. My pains were my secrets. I remember feeling extremely embarrassed about going to see a therapist when I was fifteen. In fact, my family was embarrassed as well. We all treated what we believed were my shortcomings as secrets.

I wanted to hide my illness, deny it, pretend that it didn't exist. But the longer I did that, the greater the distance I felt between myself and the rest of the world. The mystery began to end for me when I began to accept my illness and speak from a place of truth rather than a place of denial.

The mystery began to end for my parents in ways similar to the way it ended for me. A few years ago they flew up to Minnesota to visit me in a treatment center for alcoholism... For the first time in their lives, they began to let other people in on the pain and heartache that had been so prevalent. They had been trying to cope with their daughter's multifaceted illness all by themselves. It was an illness they hardly understood. But here in this treatment center... people knew what it was like to live with a child who isolated herself in her room, refused to eat meals with them, came home at odd hours of the night smelling of alcohol and didn't seem capable of handling any form of responsibility. My parents began to realize that through talking openly and honestly with others, doors were beginning to open. Support was available as well as help.

Throughout the five years that I have been sick, I have ended up in several different treatment centers... I had always treated and thought of my illness as something foreign to me, separate from me. But [in treatment] I learned that if I was going to change at all, I would need to look at myself realistically and accept my emotional issues as a real part of me. I would also need to accept my limita-

tions. I left the hospital four months ago and have since been living at Gould Farm in Monterey. Now, living at Gould Farm, I find something very precious—respect. We live as a working, sharing community in which everyone is treated equally. We value the gifts in each other and learn to nourish the areas in ourselves that are fragile. Gould Farm continually helps to end the mystery for me by reminding me and everyone else that we all have a part to play in each others' lives and a piece to contribute to the world.

Laurie

End the mystery? Something seems to be wrong here. I mean, there are enough people in the U.S. with schizophrenia to fill the Rose Bowl twenty-five times. How in the world can mental illness be a mystery?

I'll grant, of course, there's still mystery in that we *don't* know, fully, what causes mental disorders. ...In our public attitudes, in our classrooms, and in still too many of our mental health institutions and policies, we forget about the person behind the label, the diagnosis, and the numbers associated with mental illness. So instead of talking about facts and statistics, I want to tell a short story about one person.

Harold was a tall, dignified man in his sixties who had been in the state hospital for thirty years. I was a high school volunteer... in rural Indiana.

Harold liked to feed the birds. In the dining hall, he would wait until the end of the meal, and then go around (politely) collecting the leftover bread off everyone's tray. He stood with it at the huge, steel-mesh grated windows, picking off pieces just small enough to throw through it. Birds would gather, and it was hard to tell who was having a better time.

One day it was decided that this was problem behavior. It upset the routine, it was irregular... no other reason was given, but they had decided it had to stop. So one staff member began to follow him around the dining hall, reaching out and grabbing for the bread off each tray, just ahead of him. This went on for several days until one lunchtime when Harold did a little two-step in front of the staff member and got hold of the bread first.



Gould Farm's baseball diamond has lately become an open-air lumber yard, as staff and guests work with Chip Smith of Russell, using his portable band mill to saw timbers and boards from white pine logs salvaged after the tornado. The lumber will be used to rebuild the sheep barn, which vanished in the storm. Mennonite volunteers are scheduled to return to Gould Farm in November to help cut a post-and-beam frame, then raise the new barn. Here Mr. Smith (left) is assisted by Farm Director Brian Snyder.

She grabbed to get it back, and the more she struggled to get it back, the more he hung onto it. Other staff gathered around, ready to intervene, and there was a tense standoff. I then asked him quietly if he would just give it to me. He relaxed, as if he was going to, then quick as a wink, he popped it in his mouth and swallowed it, with a satisfied grin.

The unhappy epilogue is that other staff members then restrained him and put him into isolation for the rest of the day for "acting out."

They didn't know Harold the person. He was a mystery to them. They only knew him as a "case," a "mental patient." And frankly, the very language and the policies of the hospital served to keep them blinded in that way.

Harold would have liked Gould Farm a lot. The nature, the companionship, the meaningful work. Most of all, I think he would have liked the lived philosophy that what you *can* do matters more than

what you can't—the focus on people's strengths. After all, he was a person with amazing strengths. After thirty years of confinement and boredom and indignities, his spirit was still alive. He had found a way to be with nature without stepping outside the doors. He'd found a way to help others without owning any resources of his own. He was recycling way ahead of his time.

Jaime

At first the mystery was me. Why am I crying? Why am I scared? What am I scared of? Why am I acting like a five-year-old? Why do I hurt myself? I felt vague, off, like life wasn't happening to me. Things soon got worse. I knew something was wrong, but I didn't know what to do about it. I began to ask new questions. Is there a man following me? Can I fly? Will I really die in Africa? The mystery became my surroundings, real-

ity, life. Fear overwhelmed me. I dropped down from fifteen to four hours in school. I moved into my parents' house. I lost my friends and I became a shadow in life. The mystery continued to grow until there was nothing left but a mystery.

With hopes of ending the mystery I went to the mental health emergency room seeking help. I was told I was having an emotional temper tantrum and I needed emotional parenting. After six months of living the mystery, I was given the diagnosis of schizophrenia. I thought the mystery was over. I knew I had an illness from which many others suffer. I knew it was not my fault but I also knew there was no cure. The mystery continued. The man I thought was following me disappeared. I realized I couldn't fly.

Just as these realizations helped me to understand the mystery they opened a new mystery. Why did I believe such strange things? For three years I believed God had told me I would die in Africa on a mission in 1995. Realizing this illusion was part of my illness solved the mystery of why I thought such things, but made me wonder how schizophrenia could have such a hold on me without my even noticing something was wrong.

As the medication began to balance out my thoughts, I grew into life again. The mysterious black box in which I had been living had light, and I could begin to see myself moving out of it. Now the mystery moved out of that black box, too. I emerged a different person than when I first became sick... I found myself explaining myself to everyone. It was dreadfully important that others knew what I had experienced. I wanted to make them like me. The mystery was again myself, only this time it was me to other people.

Now I live at Gould Farm, where people understand, and some have experienced the mystery; but now, I am content to let it be a mystery. This dawned on me last Sunday when my mother commented that she could never know my experience. She could be supportive and understanding but she would never live the mystery. For now the mystery lives on in other people's view of my life and in me, but I no longer need to end the mystery.

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CHILDREN'S HEALTH

Many thanks to those who assisted at the Third Annual Hands At Work Fair.

We have new additions to our lending library. One is a video, *Voluntary Paternity Acknowledgment*, put out by the Massachusetts Department of Revenue in English and Spanish. Pamphlets also available. Others new additions are booklets: *Reducing Stress in Young Children's Lives*, Janet Brown McCracken, Editor; *A Guide to Discipline*, by Jeannette Galambos Stone; *Caring, Supporting Children's Growth*, by Rita M. Warren; *The Lay Person's Role in the Treatment of Child Abuse and Neglect*, by Gail Ryan with Elsie Walters and Helen Alexander. The lending library is located at the Thomas Whitfield Center at Russell House, 54 Castle Street, Great Barrington.

Grandma's Attic, a clothing exchange, will be open on Saturdays in November, 10 a.m.-12 noon. It is located on the third floor of the Construct building, Main Street, Great Barrington.

November Activities as follows:

November 5 Trip to Great Barrington Airport, 2 p.m. Raindate, November 12.

November 16 Turkey Party, Great Barrington Playgroup, Camp Eisner, 9:30-11:30 a.m.

November 20 Parent Education Workshop: "Self-Esteem and Behavior Management for Children Aged Birth to Three Years," led by Delinda Anderson, Director of First Steps, an Early Intervention Program at CHP, and Joan Burkhard, MSW. Bear Care Center, 777 South Main Street, Great Barrington, 6:30-8:30 p.m. Childcare available. Sponsored by the South Berkshire Task Force on Families and Children and Family Support Network of CHP. For reservations, call Claudette at 528-9311.

Mondays, November 6, 13, 20, and 27 New Parents Social Hour, 12 noon-1 p.m. at CHP, 54 Castle Street, Great Barrington. This is a chance for new parents to meet one another, share ideas and experiences, and learn of services in the area to assist with the important job of being a parent. For more information, call Loren at 528-9311.

As we anticipate the cold season, keep in mind various agencies and programs that assist those who qualify: Fuel Assistance at Community Services in Great Barrington, and WIC, a food supplement program at CHP.

Don't let your child be a TV Junkie!

"Television can be educational and help spark a child's imagination, but too much is not good either. In the United States, a child entering school has watched an average of 4,000 hours of TV. Most experts agree that this is too much television. It can expose children to sex and violence and give them a poor model for good behavior and determining right from wrong. Young children also have difficulty understanding complicated plots or scary scenes. In addition, too many hours in front of a television creates passiveness, which can slow a child's intellectual and social development.

"Help your child develop good viewing habits at an early age. Starting at age three, help your child choose appropriate programs to watch. Watch TV with your child so that you can talk together about the show to begin, and to turn it off when the show is over. Follow up television viewing with activities or games. You might have your child tell you a new word that he or she learned or make up a story about a favorite TV character. Finally, try to limit your child to two hours of television a day." (Cornell Cooperative Extension, Greene County, NY)

Read to your children every day. Help them to see books as friends! Local libraries can assist you.

Shopping Tips! When you take your child grocery shopping, stick with your decisions about what not to buy. The child may scream and cry to persuade you otherwise, but don't give in. Other parents will likely sympathize with you. Eventually, the child will learn that this technique doesn't work, and give it up.

Eagle Santa Fund forms will be at Thomas Whitfield Center, Russell House, in mid-November. There are income guidelines. People living in Lee can apply for the Laliberte Fund at the Town Hall in Lee, and cannot apply for the Eagle Santa Fund.

— Claudette Callahan



MAGGIE LEONARD

MONTEREY • BUILT 1912

MONTEREY UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST

Stewards / Caretakers:

Money—Life—Belief

There is a great deal of talk these days about saving money and earning money. Congress is busy cutting funding to social programs—e.g., Medicare and welfare. And the general public is increasingly concerned about working more and earning less. The institutional church is not exempt from that controversy.

Recently, the Monterey United Church of Christ made its annual financial appeal. The mailing included members and friends of the church. The monies requested are to be used to pay my

salary and benefits, church and parsonage utilities and upkeep, and missions: local, national, and international. On the surface it all appears to be a simple issue of money to meet demand and supply. More important, this financial appeal has to do with the broader issue of stewardship. “Steward” and “stewardship” are words that are more familiar to us as environmental buzz words, taking care of our natural resources. The underlying truth is that we own or possess nothing. Rather, we are simply stewards or caretakers of all that we use in our daily living, including our bodies. How we spend our money and relate to the world around us is a direct reflection of how we see ourselves. The house we live in, the car we drive, the clothes we wear, the food we eat, all speak volumes about

who we are. And last, but not least, there is quite a story to be found in the ledger of our checkbook!

What the annual financial appeal of the Monterey Church signifies, above and beyond the obvious need for monies to fund salary, benefits, buildings and programs, is how the church perceives itself. I believe it is safe to say that the Monterey UCC see its identity and mission arising out of Jesus and his wholistic ministry of loving and healing. And that both the identity and mission are inclusive and accepting of all other religious faiths that are equally as loving and healing, inclusive, and accepting as was Jesus’. They are the reasons for my ministry and for the congregation’s ministry. And the money that is raised in the current financial campaign must be used to support that stewardship. That, in turn, is an invitation to you, the reader, to examine the stewardship of your money. Money does talk! What does your money say? How is it said?

On a separate note, yours truly is to be officially installed as the pastor of the Monterey United Church of Christ on Sunday afternoon, November 12, at 4 p.m. It is my hope and intention to have the service reflect some of what I have just written! Everyone is invited!

— Keith Snow, Pastor

Monterey United Church of Christ

Sunday Services • 10 a.m.

(Child care available)

For assistance & information:

Keith Snow (Pastor)	528-5850
Bob Emmel (Clerk, Trustee)	528-1321
Tom O'Brien (Trustee)	269-7471
Judy Hayes (Worship)	528-1874

With a prayer request or to join the Prayer Chain:

MaryKate Jordan	528-5557
Mary or Ray Ward	528-9243
Judy Hayes	528-1874

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ODE TO AUTUMN

There is sorrow in the air
cool and crisp as it is
there is sadness in the sky
for the season just past
there is lamenting this day
the sumptuous feast of summer
of love departing
of friends long gone
of children grown up
Oh morn of melancholy
and the frosted dew
white killer of blossoms
drive us to the roots
cold starry autumnal eves
tend us to the wood fires
of life drawn inward
of saps gone down
of leaves blown away
Dear eternal God of change
this is your great day
bring the two to make one
nestled under covers
bring the outside inside
in wreaths and root cellars
for nourishment
for remembrance
for perseverance
Let us joy in the ethers
burning off in orange leaves
let us revel in the harvest
and laying in the larder
let us celebrate the dive
down to our inner selves
to rekindle embers
to gather up seeds
to return to dreams

— R. Zukowski

RING OF DARK TREES RINGS OF BRIGHT WATER

The pond, with its rim of tall trees, is dark,
But the misty space above is suffused with light.
This golden nimbus, crowned with sunstruck treetops,
Contrasts with the polished obsidian of the water.
But heavy drops fall from the mist-damp leaves
And each one, when it strikes the pond,
Raises ring-waves that catch the glow from above.
The circles gleam, spread, vanish, and again
The mysterious black surface is barely visible,
Except when these multiple eyes, opening and closing,
Admit day into the night-consciousness, below.

— David P. McAllester



airplane spinning round
and round four blue
dots on a
BLACK SALES LABEL
back and forth as
fast as they
can black needle
injecting your
breast plate death
while venus comes
upon the wolf and
sensuous dizzying
she brings to
him in
the lively bible of
satanic gasmen

— Eoin Higgins

THREE POEMS FROM NOWHERE

1.

*It was only a word.
It was made out of wood.
The word was woman.
Carpentry so rough
I snagged my heart
on a nail.*

*This happened while I was running.
I felt a ripping that wouldn't end.*

*Day after day it ripped
unravelling and unravelling red.
I still ran.
And the ripping continued.
I ran til my heart was gone.*

*Inside me an empty spool turned
without an edge.*

*Behind me the red thread
ran back to the wooden word.*

*My eyes could see the word
wrapped warmly in red
but I couldn't move.*

*The wood turned inside me
unable to drill through.*

2.

*Inside my heart listening and seeing
are the same.*

A word and an object are the same.

*Inside my heart language is known
only by eating it.*

*Inside my heart I can turn on and off
the magnet of time.*

*Inside my heart I can't see birds,
but I can see through the eyes of birds.*

*Inside my heart gravity and intention are reversed.
Gravity I choose. Intention pulls me down.*

Inside my heart is a stone wall.

*Outside my body there are stone walls I build,
stone by stone.*

*Inside my heart there is a stone wall I am taking down,
stone by stone.*

*When I take the stones out of the wall inside me,
they fly away like scared partridges.*

3.

*Deer can go behind a curtain of alders.
They can disappear.*

*One time I went beyond that veil.
My own tracks in the snow seemed mysterious.*

*The snowy owl tucks time away,
deep into his feathers.
He asks me why I am hurrying out of the woods.*

*The fox is a game player, but he never cheats.
He asks me if I am playing fair,
to shoot him in his dainty tracks.*

*The bobcat is every cat,
going from the couch to the kitchen.
He says, "Follow me from Snowmile Mountain to Rabbit
Pond."*

*The fisher is a spy from the inner world of dreams.
He asks me if I'm sure it is really him I see.*

— Mark Mendel

THE WAY OF THE CRICKET

When the seasons change over it's interesting to note everybody's reactions as things turn chilly. Wind whips up leaves from the ground and sends them sailing through the air in a disorderly way. They don't even seem headed for the ground, especially, like they did when they first fell. Now they look like they have come unhinged.

This kind of erratic leaf behavior is always accompanied by a jumpiness in the barnyard animals. Our most placid old horse looks downright distracted and the young mare is all a-twitter. She carries her tail high,

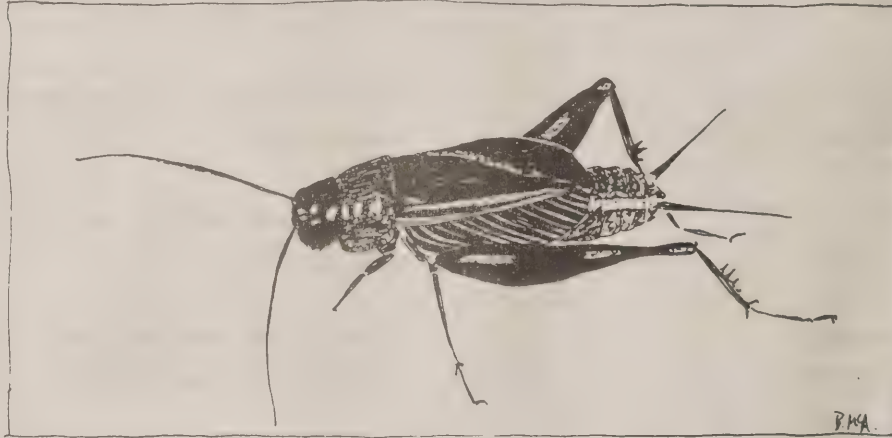
even at a walk. The yearling goat is sparring constantly with her mother and the barn cat runs right up my leg when I go out to milk. I feel perky in a disorganized way, myself.

My theory is that all this liveliness is not just good cheer or celebration of our gorgeous fall hillsides. What we are seeing is a kind of instinctive desperation. Those of us who have lived here a few years know, and those who have evolved here a few millennia have it in our genes: winter is death, or at least a long, long sleep. Have you had a house full of ladybugs lately? They are not just paying a social visit. They are looking for safety from the killing winter. See the chipmunks tanking up at the birdfeeder? They are filling larders underground so that when they stir a little during their sleepy winter they can refuel and survive.

Even if you shut your eyes to all this bustle, you'll still hear the songs of the season. To be sure, these are love songs—the crickets and grasshoppers calling their mates. But love in the fall has a frantic edge. We think of the song of the cricket as signalling the end of summer, but for the cricket, it's the end of his short life. This is his last chance to plant the fertile seeds of the next generation, the continu-

ation of his species.

The male crickets do the singing, rubbing their forewings together in a series of chirps. Each chirp consists of two to six very short pulses, or strokes of the wings against each other. The wings lie flat, one over the other on the cricket's back and each has a kind of "file" on its underside and a "rasp" on its upper side. Each species of cricket has its own charac-



teristic song, and even within one species there are different kinds of songs: a calling song, a courtship song, and a fight song.

The calling song is loud and clear. Males take up positions at distances of at least three feet from each other. They would feel obliged to fight if they were any closer than this, and at this time of year, a male cricket knows better than to waste energy on fighting. Both male and female crickets have "ears" in their lower legs, or tibiae. When a female hears a calling song, she may run to the male. Once he realizes she is near, he stops his loud call and switches to a softer courtship call. This may seem quite subtle for an insect, but in this case it is a survival issue. The loud calling song attracts predators, including house cats and parasitic flies. So as soon as the male can quiet down, he does so.

Some male crickets were not born to sing. They can, but they are genetically designed to circle quietly around some singing male where they will intercept the females who are dashing to the singer. Cricket scientists have observed that the females are just as happy to mate with a circling "satellite" male as with a singer. As it works out, the singing males may have livelier sex lives than do the quiet

satellites. But their lives are also shorter, on average, thanks to predators, so they father about the same number of babies as the satellites.

If a satellite male should find himself in a field with no singers to circle, he can do his own singing, risking predation, and attract a female. His offspring will inherit his satellite genes and will use this strategy themselves, unless there is still no singer in the field.

We have both house crickets and field crickets around here. The field crickets are black and the house crickets have brown heads and some stripes. Males have two long graceful projections off the tail end and females have three. The long central one on the female is an ovipositor or egg layer. She can stick it in the ground to deposit her eggs.

We have another kind of cricket called a tree cricket. This one is much paler and smaller, and lives mainly in trees. It lays its eggs in small twigs and the babies hatch there and feed on aphids as they grow up. These tree crickets are sometimes called "temperature crickets," because the rhythm of their singing is directly related to temperature. You can count the number of chirps in fifteen seconds and add thirty-seven to get degrees Fahrenheit.

When the temperatures drop for good, the song stops. The cricket has led a full life for six to eight weeks and has now packed it up. This is the story of a cricket, of a short life and genetically inherited sexual strategies. There is no moral value here for humans—it's just one creature's way of doing things. We put our jackets on and have babies when we feel like it. We also think crickets bring good luck and we enjoy their singing. As luck would have it, we're people, and this is our way of doing things.

— Bonner J. McAllister

WILDLIFE SURVEY

I've just realized that the order of presentation in this column has been arrogantly hominocentric, as though mammals like us come first and the mute, sessile plants bring up the rear. Or maybe it's civilocentric: many of the tribal peoples consider the Universe as one family, all parts of it, ideally, looking out for each other.

Fall Color

The aurora borealis of the leaves is certainly outstanding right now. People from the cities are flocking here to see it, and I saw a flock of snow geese, October 6, heading south to get away from it. There are bare, grey trees on hilltops and in the swamps, now, especially ashes and (formerly) red maples. Sugar maples have hit their peak as have the beeches and a gaudy floor covering reflects the color still hanging on above. The long skeins of high-flying Canada geese are still missing; Canada and the eastern United States have cancelled goose hunting this year.

Most Visible Inhabitants

Juncos, white-throated sparrows, jays, crows, ravens, vultures, and, especially, turkeys, are much in evidence. Hawks are gyring their way south for better hunting. Turkeys are hanging around barnyards and bird feeders, another indication that woodland mast is scarce.

Chipmunks and squirrels are still abundant. Deer have been widely reported, including a half-grown fawn behind the library of Simon's Rock College, October 18. MaryKate Jordan and Ian Jenkins both saw herons in mid-October; Ian's walked deliberately across his lawn.

Along the Roads

The mini-groves of sumac have come into their own, with leaves from green to scarlet, and the young maples are especially bright, in ranges of yellow, this year. New England asters and Queen Anne's lace are still blooming. Most of

the goldenrod is over, but the blue-stemmed or wreath goldenrod continues to flower in crescents, with the flowerets along the stem.

Other Sightings

Eleanor Kimberley saw flickers on her lawn in early October for the first time all summer into fall. She notes that her luna moth of last month inadvertently got into the *News* as "lunar." Ladies' tresses, a small white orchid, has made its late autumn appearance in the meadows. All kinds of fungi can be seen in the woods now that the drought is over. Shelf fungi have appeared on trees and honey mushrooms on old stumps. The McAllester-Bakers had a feast of the latter in early October. Warm nights the week of October 16 brought several kinds of moths to lighted windows, and some midges have been swarming here and there. There are still newts and red salamanders in the damp places in the woods.

Ladybugs are phenomenal all over town. There are new varieties, without spots, as well as thousands of the old familiar ones. They have made the news, and one speculation as to the reason for this abundance is that a lot of gardeners have been buying ladybugs for biological warfare on aphids. Now people are sweeping them from their houses; it was the cold snap in early October that brought them indoors. Debbie Mielke was inundated October 3; John Sellew's comment was, "Oh, my God!"

From Dale Duryea

He spotted a bobcat on Brett Road in mid-October and has seen an unusual number of wood ducks. There was a red fox on Hupi Road October 16. A black bear was reported from Otis; it was watching an excavator, and apparently enjoying all the noise and activity.

Dale has seen quite a bit of a flock of twenty-five or so turkeys. They seem to have a beat from Lowland Farm up to the Duryea meadow. The hunting season for

upland birds (pheasants and grouse) began October 14 and ends November 25. There will be a turkey season for the week starting November 13, limited to one bird of either sex. Deer hunting has the most elaborate regulations: bow hunting, November 6–25; shotgun, November 27–December 9; primitive firearms, December 18–20. The coyote season is November 1–February 29; for bobcats it is December 20–March 8. For black bears it is November 20–25.

A list of potential ballot questions appeared in a recent *Boston Globe*, and included a Wildlife and Ecology Protection Act and a Wildlife Protection Act. Section 6 of the former reads, in part: "It is prohibited to kill, injure, pursue, harass, disturb, possess, harm, or take any wildlife that are members of either of the biological orders Mammalia, Pisces, Aves, Reptilia, or Am-

phibia. It is prohibited to adversely effect [oops, they mean 'affect'] the habitat of any biological species of wildlife without a permit from the Director [of the Division of Fish and Wildlife]..." Dale points out that "harass" and "disturb" are so sweeping as to prohibit boating and walking in the woods. These Initiative Petitions have been duly submitted and approved by the Attorney General. If 64,928 signatures can be collected by the December 6 deadline, the questions will be included on the November, 1996 ballot.

— David P. McAllester



Peter S. Vallianos
Attorney at Law
528-0055

General practice includes real estate purchases, sales, family transfers, and transfers in trust, zoning, land use matters, conservation restrictions landlord-tenant; wills, probate; commercial law.

I will meet with you at your home in Monterey.

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

To the Big Apple

My son Tim agreed to be animal sitter for a day and a half. I left his house in Stonington, Connecticut, drove to the Mystic station. As I pulled in, I saw the train standing there. I called, "Is this the train for New York?" The conductor, halfway up the steps: "It sure is. Hurry!" I grabbed my Mexican tote-bag and my purse and locked both doors. Key in my mouth, both bags swinging from my shoulders, I flew to the train. The conductor pulled me up the steps and we were off! Oh, no, I forgot my fashionable black straw hat!

No map I had to look at. No oil and gas to worry about. Somebody else was doing the driving! I sat down luxuriously in the seat. Someone had left a *Boston Globe* and *The New York Times* on the seat. I pushed back the seat back, let down the table on the seat in front, and, without my fashionable hat, I began to read.

The train was so smooth! The car was so clean, even the big picture window. Into New London. A few people got on. Started up. On the left, boats, boats, sea. On the right, blurred trees. When I could see through them, fields...apartments...factories.

Across the aisle was a well-dressed man in his fifties with earrings on both ears. We're going faster now. Air-conditioner—glad I have my sweater. Now, water on both sides...cut through a hill, jagged rocks on both sides. Into Old Saybrook, more boats, old abandoned building (perhaps a station one time). On again: Fortune Plastics...cemetery...self-storage...then trees again, trees on both sides. (People who live in Boston, going to New York City, might say: "So much

wasted land—trees, trees, trees in Connecticut!"). We crept into big, big New Haven. On the loud speaker: "We're going to be here ten minutes, to change from diesel to electric. Stretch your legs. Have a cigar. Don't stray far from the train!"

More people got on. A dignified lady in worn jeans lay down in a seat and promptly went to sleep. Laughter of children up front. Then we started. Four-floor car parking building going by. Now the road is very rough. The words of the *Boston Globe* danced in front of my eyes. I put the paper down, made my way to the café car, hanging on to the seats. Got some coffee and a muffin (moored in a box) and teetered through the cars back to my seat.

Next, into Bridgeport. Glum-looking from the train. Diamond Pool Hall...vacant stores...more parking garages. I went to the bathroom. Just like an airplane, only here you have to hang on to keep from falling. Bottled soap attached. When the door is open, you have to crawl around the steel sink to get in. Into Stamford, prosperous-looking. New tall parking garage saying, "Space Available." Into New Rochelle (NY). I see the spire of a church with scaffolding in the morning sun. Then New York City comes into view. What a view! Air so clear, you can almost TOUCH the skyscrapers! Then darkness (into the tunnel).

After a while we stopped. Some people got off, the others sat there. I asked, "Is this New York?" The dignified lady in jeans, now awake, said, "Of course it is! I'm going on to Washington." I gathered my things, escalatored up three floors in Penn Station. Outside to the sunlight of 34th and 8th. There was all of New York! Full of excitement, I looked around, and UP and UP! Nice to be back. Joan, you're a pro. (You used to live here, a long time ago.) You go up 8th to 42nd, cross over to Grand Central. I set off. Last time I did it, the blocks were not nearly as long!

Thirty-fourth used to have lots of cheap stores on it. The sun shining down on my bare head, I went in and bought a brimmed straw hat with a sunflower on it. At Times Square, a sign: "Free Broadway Show Today." I tried to go through

the people to see, but a burly policeman said, "Back behind the yellow tape!" I bought a hot dog, listened to the music, couldn't see the dancing, and went east.

You go a long way on the sidewalks of New York before you can hear English being spoken. Whole families in their Sunday clothes, Black, Spanish, Indian, Chinese—all taking in the sights. I saw more people in one hour here, being jostled by many, than I see in a year in the Berkshires!

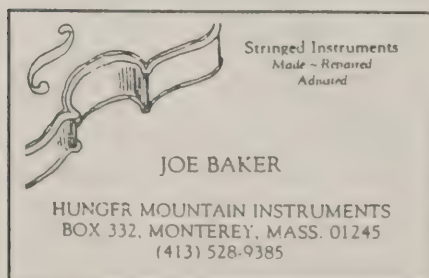
Exhausted, I reached Grand Central Station. It's not grand any more. Faded, dirty. Remember the giant Kodak brilliantly colored picture on the east wall? It's gone. Gone, too, is the waiting room. The bathroom is around the corner now. One place for food. I bought a cream-cheese-covered bagel. Ate it leaning against a pillar. There was an Afro-American band playing jazz. People sat on the marked marble floor around the band, listening.

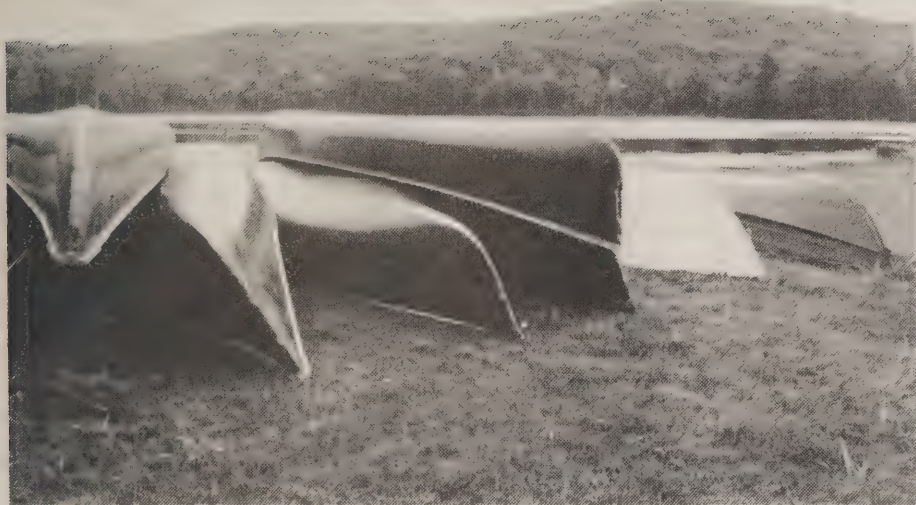
I found my uptown subway, No. 6, to the Bronx. Aboard, we were wedged in. Across from me was a twenty (there-about)-year-old girl, sucking her thumb. The girl about twelve sitting alongside was in charge. A Black-Spanish man, thin moustache, had an impressive-looking radio turned up high with Spanish rhythms. Men were tapping their feet. We all liked it! A little woman pushed onto the train with a double walker, baby and a little boy burrowing through all the people. A small boy, about seven or eight, got on alone at 59th, got off at 96th. Amazing! Three girls, looked Vietnamese, with three babies and a skinny man. They were talking. Something serious; the babies cried and cried, but the adults didn't seem to notice.

We were above-ground, an "elevated." I saw a man talking and talking—to himself, I thought, then I discerned the phone in his hand. I asked the Spanish girl next to me, "How far to 177th Street?" She took care of me until 177th came up. "Get off now," she said.

I walked down two flights to the street, then walked the long walk to the apartment of my friend, an old friend I go to spend the night with every year.

—Joan Woodard Reed





MAGGIE LEONARD

THE OBSERVER - SEPTEMBER

Totaling the rainfall recorded here in Monterey for the year by the end of September, we were still more than six inches shy of the regional norm as recorded in Pittsfield. But in recent weeks there has been rain again, and during September we were only half an inch short, while in August we needed more than another two inches to bring rainfall for that month up to the regional norm. Rainfall in October will likely exceed the norm, after two windy storms with plenty of precipitation a week apart. A month ago the issue was filling the pond behind the General Store for fire protection; last week steps were taken to hold water in Lake Garfield to prevent flooding of roads

(see article, p. 5). When it finally rained, it poured.

High temp (9/5)	83°
Low temp. (9/10)	35°
Wind-chilled low temp. (9/23)	30°
Avg. high temp.	69°
Avg. low temp.	45°
Avg. temp.	57°
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	58.6°
Precip. occ.	8 days
Total precip.	2.94" rain
Monthly norm. (Pitts.)	3.52"
High bar. press. (9/29)	30.34"
Low bar. press. (9/1)	29.71"
High humidity (9/1)	90%
Low humidity (9/6)	57%
Avg. wind speed	1.3 mph
High wind gust (9/10)	23 mph

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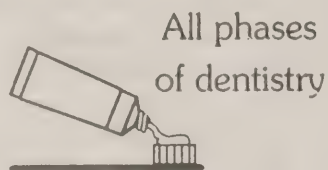
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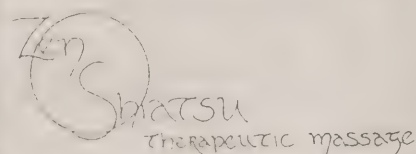
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Shravan Neill

AUTUMN COMES

First come those perfect days of blue and gold, followed by crisp frosty nights with silver moonlight and twinkling stars. The llamas wear frosty cloaks on their backs at breakfast-time.

Before long the magic has happened right before our eyes, and we didn't really see it begin. But one day the sun shines just right and we stop in our tracks to see that autumn is truly here. The trees are wearing brightly colored dresses that rustle and chatter in the breeze and glow in the sunshine. Yellow, gold, orange, copper-penny pink, crimson and russet. Such a wealth of color. No human hand, however talented, can ever match the reality of nature's palette.

For several weeks the bright landscape delights our eyes, then come the rains, a line storm perhaps, and the colors dull and clouds of leaves fall, carpeting lawns and billowing along the edges of the highway in the wake of vehicles rushing past.

As a child I saw the leaves as a source of great pleasure, and with friends or alone would create sprawling leaf houses. The floors to the many rooms kept spotless by frequent raking as new leaves tumbled to the ground. Then came the time to rake the houses into one big pile, and for a few days we would jump

into the mountain, creating individual nesting sites where we could read or just sit and visit. Then came the grownups with blankets or tarps to take the leaves away.

As a teenager it was my job to rake and carry away the leaves on our lawn, and forgotten for a while were the childhood delights as I worked only to complete the task before me. "Though I did sing along with Andy Williams the words to the song so popular at the time, "the falling leaves drift by my window..." Yes, by my window onto our lawn and I had to clean them up!

Today I rake and put to compost for the gardens most of the leaves that blanket our yard, and the task is not an unpleasant one. There is a specific technique for getting the optimum benefit from the crisp leaves lying about. One must scuffle through them, walking more or less on her heels, thereby spraying the leaves up, over, and around the feet. This produces a lovely scrunching sound, and releases a sweeter fragrance than ordinary walking does. The llamas like to nibble on the leaves, and I wonder, Do they taste the maple sugar sweetness I smell? And as I rake, breathing deeply of the delicious fragrance, I hum, for old times' sake, the tune to *Autumn Leaves*.

— Susan H. LePrevost



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PLUTO ON THE GO: SCORPIO INTO SAGITTARIUS

In astrology, Pluto symbolizes profound transformation. It's the phoenix power: change deep enough to be considered death and resurrection.

For individuals, Pluto is a symbol of those shifts we take when we confront our personal, usually unconscious, motives, fears, taboos, and agendas. Sometimes the process is entirely an inner one. More often, some other person acts out the role of adversary in order to clarify the inner struggle.

For nations, Pluto helps bring our hidden social beliefs and behaviors into the light for transformation. Old makes way for the new on a collective level. In order to accomplish this, a group of people—sometimes an individual—can become the object of others' projected motives, fears, taboos. One of Pluto's most important roles for us collectively, according to astrologer emeritus Marc Jones, is to identify "the great 'isms' by which people are either welded together into group actuality or else divided among themselves."

Except for a few months early this year, Pluto's been in the sign of Scorpio continually since 1984. In Scorpio, Pluto symbolizes transformation of the ways we have used or abused power and/or held secrets, with specific emphasis on cultural and personal expectations about death and dying; attitudes toward our own and others' sexuality; and the use of

other people's finances and resources. This eleven-year period has seen the blossoming of the hospice movement in this country, revolutionizing the American way of death. We've seen the rise of AIDS and of homophobia, the savings-and-loan scandals.

In these last weeks of the cycle (Pluto completes its eleven-year journey through the sign of Scorpio on the eleventh day of November, the eleventh month of the year) we are face to face with racism, fundamentalism, sexism, and other aspects of materialism. We confront welfare, Medicare, taxes, immigration, and wholesale death through drugs and violence. And we're still wrestling with corporate use of employee pension funds.

It isn't a comfortable place, eye to eye with our difficult selves. It's definitely a position of power, though, since we have so much motivation for change. So let's toast the brilliant night sky while Pluto moves on to the next sign of the zodiac. We've had eleven years of looking deep within, of confrontation with our deepest fears and oldest taboos. Pluto's shift in signs portends a powerful

change in the cultural paradigm.

So consider another toast to acknowledge the pain we've seen in the mirror these years, and to honor the shift to healing as Pluto moves into Sagittarius.

How well will we handle this new energy? That depends. If we tell ourselves the faults we see belong only to "them over there," we've confused ourselves with Lewis Carroll's Alice and fallen through the looking glass. Then we might put on the mask of Alice's nemesis, the violent and infamous Red Queen.

But the energy symbolized in astrology by the planet Pluto suggests that we do more in the face of change than point and yell "Off with their heads!" Pluto offers us the empowerment expressed as "Let there be peace on earth, and let it begin with me."

It will take courage and a deep compassion to choose that last option, but both qualities show in the looking glass of a person or nation intimately touched by, and cooperating with, the transformation symbolized by Pluto.

— MaryKate Jordan



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VOXED

Feast

Leo and Valya returned from Cape Cod in time to see the leaves come down. Valya likes to be here then, for the way it loosens the light. She says the light spends itself faster without leaves on the trees, and that's why the days become short.

Soon after they were back, they spent a whole day cooking for eight of us, plus three kids. Cool weather, low clouds on the move, patches of blue. Looking up, the oaks alone still held their tough, leathery leaves.

We walked to Leo's house, maybe two miles of dirt road, kicking leaves and building an appetite. When we got there the sun was just down, and the yellow-orange light of the house windows drew us in. Wine bottles open on the kitchen table, cider. Leo had cleaned the windows, and they reflected a dark, shiny motion picture of our little party, but no one was watching, everyone was talking.

Leo made a chowder to honor their summer on the Cape. It was hearty soup, not too thick, with chunks of potato and pieces of bacon, many clams, by quick turns tender, crisp, and crunchy—hot. I ground black pepper into my bowl. Conversation rolled around through the hot topics, the large stuff of no clear effect that nonetheless won't leave us alone. Someone tried to take an O. J. Simpson poll: did he do it or didn't he? Groans, protest, then opinions so varied that they couldn't be added, taken together to mean any one thing, unless it's that here no one knows, and how could we? Are we famous and rich, are we big drug users? What citizens are peers of these people, to make a jury? Who are any but the real-life jury, to judge? Our own lives look so good to us, absent all that wealth and fame, murder-free. His life, his circle, looks so bad from here. We around that table in that farmhouse, struggling with

our small enterprises, our art and trade, feeling rich having nothing—we asked, This man who learned to run has managed to walk: some rejoice and others despair, nothing is resolved—has our national life come to this? Are we foreigners here?

Wine on the table came from France, from Italy, Oregon, Pennsylvania. A pork roast came out of the oven, squash, brussels sprouts, beans. We toasted each other, our good luck, our children. We railed against the meanness of spirit in politics



P. MURKETT

at every level, the way it parades as thrift. I said the distribution of wealth mocks reason, pointed out living examples of personal thrift carefully nurtured to satisfying wealth, and of thrift that came to nothing, enterprises that flourished and collapsed. I named houses of cards standing for decades, castles poisoned on the inside. I said any large picture, every grand scheme of intricate cause and effect is a fake, revealed by its very coherence, by being so compelling. I said they all come apart as real events unravel in time. Leo cut me off by standing up to do his magic trick, a sleight-of-hand by which a five-spot disappeared, one melancholy Abe replaced by one tight-lipped George—snap! an eighty percent loss. Leo said he was illustrating my speech. Everyone was relieved that it was over.

We put aside the used dishes and brought on a large wooden bowl of fresh baby greens, a plate of goat cheese, another loaf of bread. The conversation circled around to movies, a subject al-

ways far more satisfying than politics, gossip, or money, especially since we had the premier of *Without A King* to savor, an event and a movie. We had all seen this full-length film made by one of our own, at home, among us, and shown downtown on the big screen, the sidewalk a crowd of friends, lights circling the marquee. It was made for pennies. "Pennies! Seventeen thousand dollars cash may be micro-Hollywood, but it is personal Berkshire big. It is not pennies!" The conversation veered back to-

ward money, but steadied again as we named favorite images—A wood reaching into the ocean, climbing the steps at Naumkeag, Brobie pushing a scooter, the sheik with a crow on his shoulder. In the film a hobo turned guru dies; each mourner solemnly pulls on a cord hanging from a rowboat-casket lying in state on a dumpster tip-truck; the cord re-

leases his or her personal audio environment as it retracts in wordless farewell. It was a nervy, antic, resonant film, as much ours as good food and close company.

In fact, the shabby pomp of the old theater that night felt like public home. We sat in the front row of the balcony, where decades of Berkshire feet propped against the wooden rail had long since softened its profile and worn away the paint. It all fit. No one needed polish—we came for our show.

When the movie ended, I spoke to a stranger sitting next to me, who said he had come up from Connecticut expecting to see a Cuban film (they had been advertised and shown the week before) with a theme that he supposed had to do with rulers and revolution, judging from the title and the Cuban billing. In the end, he decided that he got what he came for, a foreign film with a universal theme. The only surprise was its local origin.

— Peter Murkett



JOAN REED

Good luck and a quick response kept this scene from becoming a nightmare.

FIRE QUICKLY CONTROLLED

A demonstration of eighteenth-century open hearth cooking at The Bidwell House went awry on the last Saturday in September, as the woodwork above the fireplace began to smoulder, and smoke filled the room. When the call came in, Fire Chief Ray Tryon immediately alerted fire companies in neighboring towns to stand by, but the fire was quickly controlled. Corn cobs filling voids between the masonry and surrounding woodwork limited the supply of oxygen to the fire, and slowed its spread.

After the incident, Anita Carroll-Weldon, Director of The Bidwell House, wrote to the Fire Company:

"On behalf of The Bidwell House, I extend a deep thanks for the excellent job you and your men did handling the fire at the museum on Saturday, September 30.

"Within minutes help arrived. Your team was fast, efficient, courteous, and very respectful of the historical character of the building and the artifacts. You succeeded in quickly controlling the problem with quite minimal damage and the cleanup was extremely thorough.

"It is certainly a comfort to know our community is served by such an exemplary team of firefighters.

"Thank you again for your hard work and sensitivity to the situation."

P. O. BOX NINE, 01245

Flowers Disappear

October 20, 1995

To the Editor:

This morning I took my two-year-old daughter Sarah to Corashire cemetery to see her father's grave.

It has been our ritual, for the two months since his death to bring him gladioluses from the field he planted in our back yard. When it turned cold, we brought him a pot of mums to mark his grave.

On the way today, she said, "I like my Daddy's flowers." But when we arrived, someone had taken them.

Perhaps the borrower thought they had a better use. The intended use of the flowers was to beautify the dirt that covers her father's body, and to help her remember him. They, too, were taken from her.

— Melinda Olds

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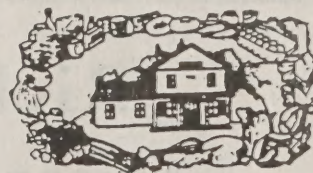
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PERSONAL NOTES

Our congratulations to **Jeffrey Gauthier** and **Nancy Perdoni**, who were married on October 8 at St. James Church in Wellesley. A lovely dinner reception, punctuated by lots of joyous dancing and celebration, followed at The Mansion on Turner Hill at La Salette Shrine in Ipswich. Following their wedding trip to Nantucket, Jeff and Nancy are now settling in bag, baggage, and wedding gifts galore in their newly purchased home in Dover, New Hampshire. Congratulations also to the proud parents of the groom, Bob and Barbara Gauthier of Main Road.

Welcome back to **Walter Andersen** and **Alice Howell** of Beartown Road, who enjoyed a most delightful vacation in Scotland, both adventure- and weatherwise!

Congratulations to **Pauline Nault**, who received an Honorable Mention for her watercolor "Shared Dreams" in the Pittsfield Art League's annual juried Membership Exhibit held at the Lee Library during the summer.

One might spot several young eager Monterey students romping on the playground at the Monterey Kindergarten this year under the supervision of teacher **Susan Andersen**. Among the new young

scholars are **Samantha Backhaus**, **Shoshana Candee**, **Buddy Ferris**, **Mason Hines**, **Amanda Mathieu**, **Katie Olds**, **Emi Rosenberg**, and **Michael Sawers**.

Best of luck to Monterey's first-year college students **Paul Makuc** and **Joshua Aerie**. Paul is at St. Anselm College in New Hampshire and Josh is at Oberlin in Ohio. We wish junior **Marta Makuc**, studying at Providence College in Rhode

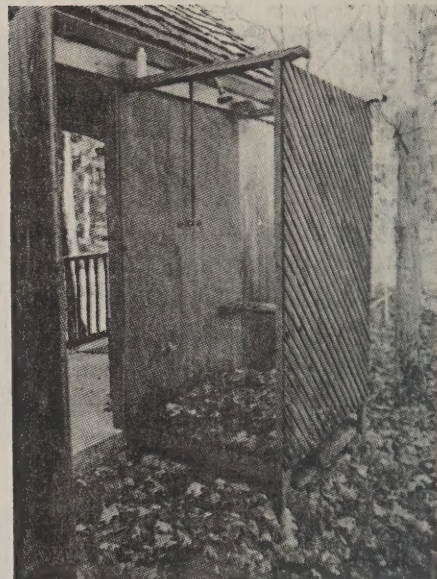
Island, a most successful year also.

Very happy birthday wishes this month to **Sudi Baker** and **Heather Ferrin** on November 2, to **Graham** and **Madigan Hines** on November 3, to **Jacob Markwood** on November 4, to **Andi Dunlop** on November

11, to **Mariah Rutherford-Olds** on November 12, to **Cody Amstead** on November 18, to **Jenny Brown**, **Florence Brown**, **Gale Forbes** and **Kirsten Quisenberry** all on November 25, to **Kerry Snyder** on November 26, and to **Nicole Amidon** on November 28.

We gratefully accept contributions! If you have news items, birthday wishes, etc., you would like to share, please jot them down and drop them in the mail to me, just Route 23, or give me a call at 528-4519.

— Stephanie Grotz



P. MURPHY

MONTEREY GRANGE

At the meeting of Monterey Grange No. 291 on October 18 there was no installation of officers, due to illness. There was a variety program.

Master **Tillie Butler** and Lecturer **Mary Wallace** recently attended Victory Grange in Winsted. Mary Wallace and Charlie Knight will be delegates to the Massachusetts State Grange Convention at Plymouth, October 26-28.

May Clark from New Marlborough was voted in as an affiliated member. Monterey Grange will host Berkshire South Pomona on November 8 at 8 p.m. The next meeting is set for November 1, with a Veterans' Day program.

— Fraternally,
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

CONTRIBUTORS

Thanks to the faithful, who contribute the year round, most recently:

Paul Makuc
Helen Curtin
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The Konkapot River behind the General Store.

CALENDAR

Sundays, November 5, 12, 19, and 26 AA meetings, 9 a.m. in the Monterey Firehouse, Main Road.

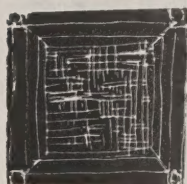
Wednesday, November 1 Meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall.

Friday, November 3 Democratic Town Committee meeting, 7:30 p.m. at the firehouse, to join or continue serving on the Committee; 8 p.m. for the general membership.

Monday, November 6, and Tuesday, November 7 Free CPR course at the firehouse, 7-10 p.m. Call 528-4115 for details.

Wednesday, November 8 Meeting of the Monterey Grange No. 291, 8 p.m. at the Grange Hall.

Thursday, November 9, and Friday, November 10 Performance of *Life and Death of King John*, at Monument Mountain High School. Information, 4139528-3346



Sunday, November 12 Installation of Keith Snow as Pastor of Monterey United Church of Christ, 4 p.m. in the Church.

Tuesday, November 14 Quarterly meeting of officials from all town boards and committees, 7 p.m. in the Town Hall.

PTA meeting, 7 p.m. in the Monterey School.

Tuesday, November 21 Free blood pressure clinic, 9-10:30 a.m. in the basement room of the Monterey Grange (town offices), Main Road.

Wednesday, November 22 Meeting of the Southern Berkshire Solid Waste District, 7 p.m. in the church basement.

Saturday, November 25 Square and contradance at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, 8:30-11:30 p.m. Music by Mountain Laurel, calling by Joe Baker. All dances taught, beginners and children welcome. Refreshments. Adults \$5, children \$2. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

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*Contributions from local artists this month: Maureen Banner, pp. 2, 5, 15, 19, 22, 23; Erika Crofut, p. 12;
Bonner McAllester, p. 14; Katie Olds, p. 4.*

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